

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Number 1117

Week ending  
AUGUST 17, 1940Wartime  
Issue—2d

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Postage Inland 1d  
Abroad 4d

## Treasure Island

I, THE Giver of All Good Gifts, give you the love of your Motherland, the right to call your own the fairest and rarest and freest of all the lands on earth.

IF you take up a globe of the world, and hold it so that you see the greatest possible space of land, you will see a red spot in the middle. It is Little Treasure Island.

FAR away from the Island, out in Saskatchewan, a Red Indian schoolboy was looking at a map of the world. They showed him our British Isles, and he looked with astonishment at the little spots. He could hardly believe so small a space stood for the home of the British Empire. It was wonderful, he said, that the captains of the ships did not sail past without seeing it.

So lost on the map of the world is the Island, and yet in all the boundless universe does any speck of earth so thrill with pride? No nobler thing can happen to any boy or girl than to be born on this precious isle set in a silver sea, from which have gone out to the ends of the earth a spirit of freedom, a love of truth, a thirst for knowledge, a yearning for justice, a faith in God, a hope for immortality, without which the world could never again be a happy place to live in.

As the grain of mustard seed grows till it covers the field, so the seed of the spirit of the Island has grown till it covers the earth; so completely has it covered the earth that if some catastrophe could sink the Island in the sea, or shatter it to dust to be blown on the wind, still its greatness would live on—in the love of home, and freedom, and truth, and justice, and order, and beauty, that the Islanders have planted everywhere.

LOOKING back through the ages, we find that here and there the spirit of the Island, working always in the lives of its people and spreading quietly everywhere, has at times burst suddenly on the world like a thing from the skies, so that the world has stood and wondered as a child at the opening of a rose or the rising of the sun; and at these times the power of the Island has been the most precious thing on earth, crushing the oppressor, releasing the captive, uplifting the fallen, and bringing new strength and hope to millions of mankind.

AND how beautiful she is! How famous are her towns! How lovely her villages! Where else is so much wonder packed in so little space? Her valleys are like so many secret places, with their hidden treasure, murmuring streams, old mills, sleepy hollows, green meadows, deep gorges, mysterious caverns, footpaths trodden for a thousand years.

MILLIONS of years have made these valleys, and they are lovely still. Thousands of years have made her green carpet, the fairest piece of colour Nature gave her, the grass that goes creeping everywhere. Everybody wants a bit of it. Every village has its green, every town its park, every school its playing-field, every lane its green border.

the pleasure towns with their golden sands; Beachy Head, the docks and harbours, the little fishing hamlets, the big cities, the great ports, and the tiny places tucked away among the rolling hills.

AND the great solitudes! You can ride for hours and hardly see a soul. You can climb to heights where you are all alone. The march of the world has not yet robbed you of these old thinking places.

AND how beautiful are her trees and shrubs and flowers! There is a tree for everybody and something to spare in Nature's Little Island. What marvellous avenues!—the limes, the oaks, the yews, the cedars that have seen the centuries come and go, the

especially the garden with the little pool somewhere, with the pergolas and the terraces, and the sheltered nooks, and the wild bits round the corners where the proud borders cannot see them.

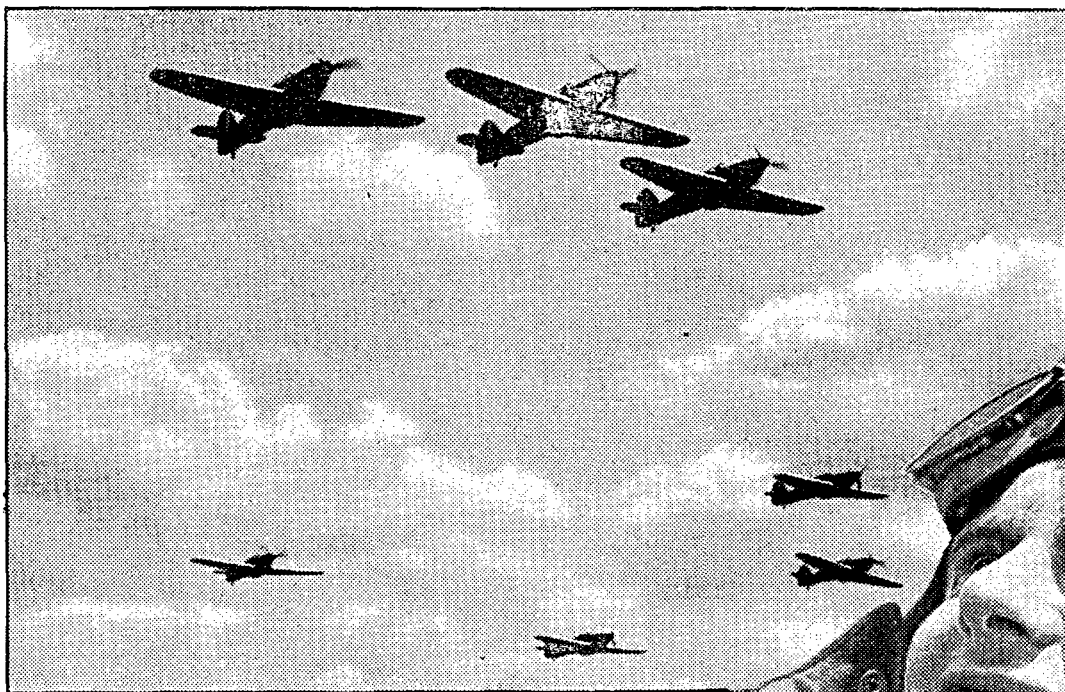
AND then, of course, the wild flowers: the bank whereon the wild thyme blows, the matchless field of buttercups, the bluebells in the wood, the heather and the gorse, Queen Anne's lace in the hedgerows, the foxgloves six feet high, the violets and forget-me-nots that line the little lanes, and the cowslips that nod their heads in the meadows.

For a thousand years they have been here, pathways and trackways, shaped for you by men and cattle, with

their living green walls, the trees that sometimes turn them into covered ways, quiet fields all round them, with here a farm and here a cottage, and here and there a gate with a wonderful peep through—perhaps with the Atlantic just across a field if you are in Cornwall, or with a thousand fields spread about if you are in Somerset, or with wild moors without end if you are in Yorkshire, or wherever you are with a little tower peeping up through the trees and a spire that points to heaven.

I GIVE you this country for your own, with all the glory in it—the little towns that have gathered round cathedrals, with their winding streets and crooked houses hardly changed from age to age, and the great towns with all their wonders, and the cities growing young again yet keeping still their old nobility.

I GIVE it you to keep and to cherish, to keep beautiful forever and to cherish as the Mother who has made you, fashioned you, and given you all you have. I give you the keys of it and the right to guard this Little Paradise, to pass it on to those who follow you, knowing that St Peter with his keys has no more sacred trust than yours, for the rarest land on earth is in your keeping.



How matchless are her running waters! Thousands of them there are; nobody knows how many. Nobody has counted all her rivers. Nowhere is there a list of them. From age to age they flow. Her castles crumble, the old oak dies, the field becomes a street and the little lane a road, but the river runs on, the stream flows gently past. And how beautiful are her still waters, the marshes and fens, the lakes and pools, the little pond in the village!

AND then her wondrous coast, set in a silver sea; the white cliffs, the granite walls,

willows weeping by the streams, the elms that shelter the lanes and rise above the roofs, the poplars climbing to the sky, the pines on many a stately hill, the beeches with their branches trailing like a lady's skirt, the silver birch that is too beautiful for words.

AND where can her gardens be matched? Nowhere is anything like them, the little ones and the big ones; the cottage garden with its gillyflowers, its marigolds, its rosemary, its ladslove, and the musk that has lost its scent; the stately garden like the entrance into Paradise. Always it is lovely,



## THE DEEPEST SHAME MAN CAN ATTAIN

THE deepest infamy man can attain

Is either to strangle Rome, or France enchain;  
Whate'er the place, the land, the city be,  
Tis to rob man of soul and liberty—  
Tis with drawn sword the senate to invade,  
And murder law, in its own court betrayed;  
To enslave the land is guilt of such black dye,  
It is ne'er quitted by God's vengeful eye;  
The crime once done, the day of grace expires,  
Heaven's punishment, which, howe'er slow, never tires,  
Begins to march, and comes serene and calm,  
With her steel knotted whip beneath her arm. Victor Hugo

## Japan Sets Out on a Slippery Path

ALL the world of free men is rapidly coming round to the British view that supplies helpful to the troublers of the human race must be prevented from reaching them at all costs.

By intensifying our blockade of Europe and North Africa we are ensuring that Germany, Italy, and the countries under their heels shall not be helped from any overseas source. By the decisions taken at Havana the American Republics have made possible such marketing agreements among themselves as to contribute effectively toward our blockade. By banning the export of petrol for aviation to Japan, as well as to Germany, Italy, and Britain, America has taken a step which will deter Japan from adding her strength to that of the Dictator countries in the world war.

All these measures are links in a chain which is growing stronger daily and is certain in time to have a decisive effect. As far as our blockade is concerned it will have its effect at once.

In future every ship sailing to a port in Europe, North Africa, and certain Atlantic islands must obtain from our consul at their port of lading a certificate called a Navicert for all items of her cargo, vouching that they are not for enemy use. The ship itself, too, must obtain a navicert at its last port of call.

### Rationing the Neutrals

Further, in order to prevent enemy countries from exporting their goods through neutral ports in Europe and Africa, navicerts must be obtained for all the goods on board before the ship sails. Otherwise, whether sailing home or sailing abroad, that ship is liable to seizure. Our blockade has been transferred from the high seas to the quays.

We are in effect rationing the neutral countries in Europe to their normal requirements for their own use. This is, of course, a very different procedure from that of the Nazis, who sink without

question any neutral ship trading with our ports.

The United States already forbids its ships to approach coasts under the control of warring nations, so the influence she is having over the 20 other States in the New World will assist them in the losses they are sustaining from our blockade. President Roosevelt has authorised the use of £125,000,000 for financing trade between the countries in the New World as a step toward this collaboration. The chief decision at Havana, however, forbidding the transference of any territory in the Western Hemisphere from one European Power to another, will emphasise before all the world that these American States will act in future as one, and this is likely to have its effects in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic.

### Her Chief Customers

Japan, therefore, is concerned in this new attitude of the Americas, and as her trade is her very lifeblood she depends now to a greater degree than ever on the goodwill of her chief customers, the British Empire and America.

Japan's new Military Government has been assuming an insufferable attitude towards Britain, arresting British subjects on pretexts which will not bear investigation, and referring to us in official statements as a hostile power, which is ridiculous. By forbidding the export of oil and scrap metal except under licence, and by naming Japan as a country which must not be supplied with aviation spirit at all, America has shown that she regards Japan as a disturber of the peace. As Japan does one-third of her total trade with America she must think twice before offending that country. Japan's trade with the British Empire is about half of America's, and with Germany and France closed to her markets Japan would be soon in a desperate state if the English-speaking countries were to declare economic war against her in real earnest. It is a slippery path she has set out upon.

## Rulers Exiled in Our Midst

HITLER's possession of the Western coasts of Europe has called attention to the similar position of Napoleon at the zenith of his power. Hitler has upset the royal houses of Europe as Napoleon did then.

Thanks to our Navy and Air Force, we have as guests in our midst today the rulers of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, and Holland. The poor King of Denmark reigns at home, but the Nazis rule his country. The King of the Belgians lurks powerless in ignoble obscurity. The rulers and statesmen of France are either Hitler's slaves or his prisoners, on trial for their lives.

Upheavals like this followed the Great War. The Kaiser abdicated and ran away; the Emperor of Austria was deposed, and with him the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, as well as the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Leopold of Lippe.

## This is the Spirit

My father lives in a small town in South Wales, writes a CN reader. The morning after an air raid, he went to see the house he was born in eighty years ago and found it wrecked by a bomb. He walked farther along the row of wrecked houses to find, to his amazement, a woman cheerfully cleaning the knocker on her front door. The roof was off her house, the win-

dows smashed and broken, but she was smiling.

Another old lady in the same row of houses was fast asleep during the raid and awoke to find a stone on her pillow. A friend asked her how she was, and she said: "Oh, I am better and richer than ever I was in my life. Nobody ever came to see me before; now I have visitors all day long."

## Little News Reels

The Red Cross has received 3700 lbs of sugar from Brazil for use in hospitals.

After her wedding at Guildford Cathedral the bride, Miss Joan Birch, borrowed the best man's hat and made a collection for the Mayor's Spitfire Fund.

*German women are to have shoes made of glass.*

It is expected that Southend's public parks will soon yield 30,000 lbs of tomatoes.

*Certain golfers in Saskatchewan are now unable to finish their game without passports, for the ninth green is on the American side of the border.*

Canada is making a survey of new sources of petroleum, and 170 experts in 37 parties are investigating various areas in the Dominion.

A window cleaner in Lancashire has sent 5s to Lord Beaverbrook to help to buy a Spitfire, hoping all window cleaners will subscribe enough to buy one.

*When the Lancastria went down Jock O'Connor of Kilburn was pulled aboard a minesweeper by a boy who turned out to be an old schoolfellow.*

By withdrawing the aluminium frames for notices in LNER booking-halls half a ton of scrap has been made available.

*The National Association of Boys Clubs is to organise a service under which 200,000 working boys will be trained in fire-fighting and first aid.*

Preston having led the way, Stockport has now a free canteen for soldiers passing through its station.

Salford has formed a Home Guard Band from men of the old Salford Pals Battalion in the last war; they have brought out the instruments to sound Hitler's Dead March.

*Notts County Council has decided that conscientious objectors on its staff who will not undertake military service shall be paid only at the rate of a soldier.*

A farm labourer has taken to the Chelmsford Offices of the War Savings Committee three bucketfuls of coins to buy £70 worth of savings certificates.

### Guide and Scout News Reels

Boys of the Beaver Outpost Patrol at St Walburg in Saskatchewan travel nine miles to attend troop meetings; last winter they used a 16-foot horse-drawn toboggan, and 40 degrees below zero did not stop them.

Torquay Guides have collected five cwts of silver paper for the Red Cross.

*Perthshire Guides have opened a holiday hostel for evacuees at Invermay.*

The services of Guides and Rangers in a Hampshire area have been offered for fruit picking, vegetable gathering, and other work of national importance.

Between 4000 and 5000 Scouts and Boys Brigaders of Glasgow joined in a fortnight's waste-paper campaign, when they collected 135 tons of paper.

Scouts and Guides of a North-Eastern town acted as bus conductors, messengers, and attendants, and gave much general help in the reception of children from an evacuated area.

Durham Cubs and Scouts have collected 100 tons of waste paper, raising £50 for the Red Cross.

## The Boy With Five Loaves and Two Fishes

At a missionary conference at Swarthmore in Pennsylvania a teacher from the Philippines, Miss Ann Guthrie, told the story of a Chinese boy who wanted to help Chinese refugees. It is the modern version of the boy with five loaves and two fishes.

The boy lived at Manila and wanted to buy a bicycle. He set out to earn enough money to buy one, but by the time he had earned and saved 13 dollars he decided that he would rather use the money to help refugees in China. He was not very old, so he did what he thought was the proper thing to help; he took the 13 dollars and spent it all on bread at a baker's shop, then dragged and carried sacks of bread to the headquarters of the Committee for China Relief in Manila. The committee thanked him, and when he had gone they sat and looked at the sacks of bread and wondered what on earth they could do with it!

At last one of them suggested that they might sell the bread in the Chinese schools in Manila. This was done, and by the end of the day the boy's 13 dollars had increased to 50 dollars. Then more bread was bought, and Chinese women sold it outside

shops and theatres for the benefit of the Relief Committee, until after three days 1500 dollars had been made in this way, and the money was sent to China in the name of the little boy.

When Miss Guthrie returned to the United States she had an opportunity of telling the story to Mr and Mrs Henry Ford, and Mrs Ford said to her, "Somehow I can't help feeling sorry that the boy didn't get the bicycle for which he had worked so hard; I want to give it to him." So she gave Miss Guthrie 20 dollars, which was sent on to Manila. The China Relief Committee there was able to find the boy and the bicycle was given to him.

Even that is not the end of the story. The boy wrote a letter of thanks to Mrs Ford, saying that he realised, now that he was two years older, that he had been foolish in thinking his bread could be delivered directly to China. But he still wanted to do what he could to help his compatriots who were in need there, and so he had decided to rent the bicycle out at 50 cents an hour and give the proceeds to the Relief Fund. Today that bicycle is supporting an orphanage in China for 50 boys.

## Nature's Push and Go

THE CN has often recorded instances of the extraordinary strength of growing plants in forcing their way through apparently immovable obstacles, even raising paving stones by their steady, unceasing pressure.

This year lilies of the valley thrust their way up through an asphalt path in the Editor's garden, not by lifting the material in a mass, but by a separate opening made by each stem, as if a gimlet had prepared the way.

Here is an example of downward thrust. In a neglected garden snapdragons self-sown from last

year's plants were found growing in a hard gravel path.

The seeds germinated on it, roots formed and forced their way down among the tightly compacted material, and there were now tough little plants three or four inches high, many actually in bud. Some of the roots were gnarled in getting round bigish stones, but where there had been no such opposition the plants had masses of hair-roots about two inches long. Plants being needed for a border, 58 of the seedlings were raised from a patch of gravel half a yard square, and are now growing finely.

## The End of a Long Story

A happy survival of an ancient craft, the carpet factory at Wilton, is to be shut down through the war, after 200 years of splendid work that has furnished carpets that refuse to wear out. We do not know what their end is, but we are assured that they last for ever and a day.

So stops the good work of centuries. Before a great wooden loom, generations of women have finished beautiful and expensive carpets that were really cheap because they were made from strong yarn dyed in permanent colours.

## THINGS SEEN



The wasps' nest (already recorded here) in the doorway of a shop at Eynsford.

A Union Jack in a little front garden in Surrey with the words, Have Faith in God, Your Country, and Yourself.

Welsh villagers gathering up from marshland fish blown out of the river in an air-raid.

## A Little Meeting in the Mediterranean

Never were men like the gallants of the R A F. One of them, flying over Italian territory unarmed, saw a big enemy bomber heavily armed and thought he would have a look at him. He dived down and was greatly surprised when the Italian began to run away. The R A F pilot, seizing such an opportunity, dived lower and lower and forced the Italian plane down until it crashed in the sea, its crew jumping in and swimming to shore. One of the Italians carefully put on a bathing cap before he took to the water!

## The Nation's Income

The National Income when we declared war may be put at 5000 million pounds. Let us see how it is spent. According to the Chancellor's estimate the chief items are:

Rent, rates, income tax, savings ..	1500 millions
Food .. .. .	1350 millions
Services, such as water, electricity, gas, transport, education	880 millions
Coal, petrol, tobacco, drink .. . . .	570 millions
Personal expenditure ..	700 millions

The last item covers clothing of all sorts, furniture, china and glass, sport, patent medicines, and books and papers.

## Old Faithful

Mr G Taylor of Ipswich, aged 94, spent all his spare time on his allotment digging for victory, and was hard at work the other day when he collapsed and laid down his garden tools for the last time.

## CITIZEN BEAVER

A beaver family in Warrensburg, New York State, have proved themselves extremely valuable citizens. They have nearly doubled the city's water supply.

This industrious family built a home a few miles above the reservoir. Putting all hands to work, they built a 30-foot dam which flooded a big bog on the watershed! A zoologist in Michigan reports that beavers there are working overtime. He has come across poplar trees that have been dragged 650 feet by these industrious creatures.



### Fares, Please!

One of London's girl bus conductors cheerfully faces her new job

## WHERE HURRICANES BEGIN

A French scientist has calculated that the terrific hurricane which swept the American coast at the time of the Munich crisis (to which we were referring the other day) had its origin in the Sahara Desert.

There was, he says, a wave of low pressure in south central Sahara on September 4, which as it reached the Atlantic coast at Cape Verde was joined both by a northerly trade wind and a south-westerly monsoon; there was also to the north an easterly equatorial wind. It was the combined result of these three air masses which marched across the Atlantic as a tropical cyclone, to be deflected north at Cape Hatteras and to cut a swathe of destruction in New England, destroying or damaging 60,000 houses and causing a loss of £100,000,000.

It is now thought that many of the hurricanes that afflict the New World originate in Africa.

## Home to Nome

In this month the Bering Straits Eskimos are setting their faces to the Magnetic North, their home.

They come down to Nome in Alaska in the summer months, there to mingle with the white people and sell them the carvings in ivory which they make in their igloos in the long winter night on King Island. These King Islanders have now recovered some of the wonderful skill possessed by Eskimos of long ago, whose ancient carvings of bear and walrus and strange dream-like faces are now so highly prized. Those forgotten Eskimo carvers had only stone knives for tools.

Half the world is running on oil, and all the world is running after it. Twenty-five countries are producing it, and there are more to come.

It is being brought up from the depths not on land only, but from the Pacific Ocean bed, from lakes in Louisiana, and from beneath the Gulf of Mexico. Last year the world pumped up from its wells in both hemispheres 250 million tons. Yet it is not satisfied.

At this rate it is not unnatural to fear that the oil the earth has to yield will become exhausted, yet so prominent an authority as Dr Gustav Egloff, of Chicago, believes that Nature is still producing oil faster than we can exhaust it.

## A NOTE TO MOTHER

One more story reaches us of the Dunkirk men.

A soldier safely back wished to let his mother know as soon as possible, and, tearing a page out of his notebook, he scribbled on it his mother's name and address and the word that he was safe, and threw it out as they passed through a station. As the train rushed on he saw a lady pick it up, and by the next post the good news had reached his mother.

## A Life On the Ocean Wave

SAILING enthusiasts in Sydney turned out in full force to welcome Fred Rebell when he came sailing through the Heads aboard the yawl Reine d'Arvor not long ago.

It is eight years since he made his epic voyage across the Pacific from Sydney to Los Angeles alone in a 16-foot half-decked sailing boat. His daring feat won the admiration of sailors the world over. Afterwards he led a roving life, sailing along the coast of Europe. Eighteen months ago the Reine d'Arvor, an old French oyster boat, left Guernsey on a world cruise with a family of sea rovers, Mr and Mrs Brache, with their 15-year-old daughter and 13-year-old son. Fred Rebell was their navigator, and they sailed by way of the Canary Islands, St Vincent, Panama, the Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa, and Suva.

## THE SAFEST MONTHS

Springtime, as Shakespeare wrote, is the only pretty ring-time; it is also, according to American statistics, the safest time of year.

If all the year were as safe as April, there would be 12,500 fewer fatal accidents than there are now. March and May have a record only slightly worse than April. Burns, falls, car accidents all drop, and only begin to rise again when summer is waning. July then sets a bad example by rising to the top of the averages; but when July is over the accidents drop again.

Their modern descendants have acquired from civilisation steel blades and saws, and one Eskimo artist at Nome, whose polar bears and seals are widely sought for their delicacy and naturalness, carves them from a walrus tooth with a knife and a discarded dentist's drill. These Eskimo carvers have an inherited skill and sureness of hand, though these are now chiefly applied to supply the demand of summer tourists for ivory boxes, salt-cellars, bracelets, and napkin rings.

But American collectors are now beginning to acquire the ivory bears and walrus.

## A Cubic Mile of Oil

He puts forward one striking fact to show how the world has only skimmed the surface of the vast reservoirs in the earth's crust. The whole amount of oil taken out since 1857, when the Rumanians produced 275 tons from hand-dug wells before drilling was introduced, would not fill a cubic mile tank.

The amount taken out in these 83 years is about 4000 million short tons. This sounds immense, but if a cubical tank were made to hold it exactly the sides of the tank would be less than 5000 feet long and the volume of oil considerably less than one cubic mile. Not many people have an idea of what a cubic mile would contain.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow hardy lettuce in a sheltered situation, and tie up advancing crops of the cos variety. A sowing of spinach should also be made.

It is a good time to make plantations of strawberries. Plant the runners when fit, 18 inches apart, in rows three feet from each other.

Sow annuals for spring bedding, such as Virginia stocks, alyssum saxatile, silene pendula, and myosotis. Alpine cuttings put in now will make strong plants by spring.

The journey from Suva to Sydney was the worst of all. About 180 miles from Sydney they met a gale which blew them hundreds of miles off their course. The gaff came down twice, the jib hoist parted, and half a dozen times Fred Rebell had to climb the mast to repair damaged gear while the craft tossed like a cork in the raging seas.

The two youngsters behaved like bricks during this trying period. Noel helped with the steering, while Ann spent her time in the galley. The old craft finally limped into Sydney 39 days out of Suva. The Brache family are going to make their home in New South Wales. We imagine Noel and Ann will have a hard time settling down at school again after their exciting life on the ocean wave.

## A CATHEDRAL REMEMBERS A HERO

A beautiful memorial to Dr. Melly, who fell heroically in the Abyssinian War, has been placed in the north choir aisle of Liverpool Cathedral; it is a sculpture in relief by Mr Carter Preston, and is in keeping with the same artist's memorial to Sir Robert Jones, the other Liverpool doctor remembered in the cathedral. The sculpture shows Dr Melly giving succour to a fallen soldier, and the inscription says that "he went forth leading the British Red Cross to succour Abyssinians in the day of calamity."

It is interesting that the memorial should have been unveiled at the time when the Emperor of Abyssinia returned to Africa in the hope of regaining his throne.

## SKUNK

The busiest skunk in America is Wilfred, for he is doing something that is enough to make any skunk turn over a new leaf. He is working for New York State at the Saratoga nursery, and his job is to root out grubs.

In return for his invaluable services Wilfred, who is housed in a comfortable mobile pen, can eat as many grubs as he can find room for. These pests have become a menace to seedlings and transplanted trees, but the presence of a skunk on the spot is proving a great help in destroying these injurious grubs.

## THE VIGIL

We like this story of the eight year-old Scottish lad in Wigtownshire whose mother gave him sixpence the other day and suggested that he went to the pictures.

When he came back some hours later, much to his mother's surprise, he gave her back the money. "Here's your sixpence," he said; "I didna gang tae the pictures. My King and Country need me, and I've been looking oot for parachutes!"

## A ROBOT LOOK-OUT

To help in the early detection of forest fires in Western America the electric eye has been called into service.

The electric eye (or photo electric cell), which performs so many useful tasks already, can and does respond to alterations of light even at a distance of miles. It is installed on a look-out with a movable turret which, revolving by clockwork, slowly scans the distant forest heights, and notifies to the fire station any fire that catches its eye. With it is installed another scientific instrument, a thermopile used in astronomical observatories, and so sensitive that it measures the heat radiated from the stars and planets. These two instruments notify between them the occurrence of any forest fire.

They cannot tell the exact location, or the degree and direction of the spread of the fire, but they will be of great help in calling the attention of the human fire fighters at any hour of the day or night.

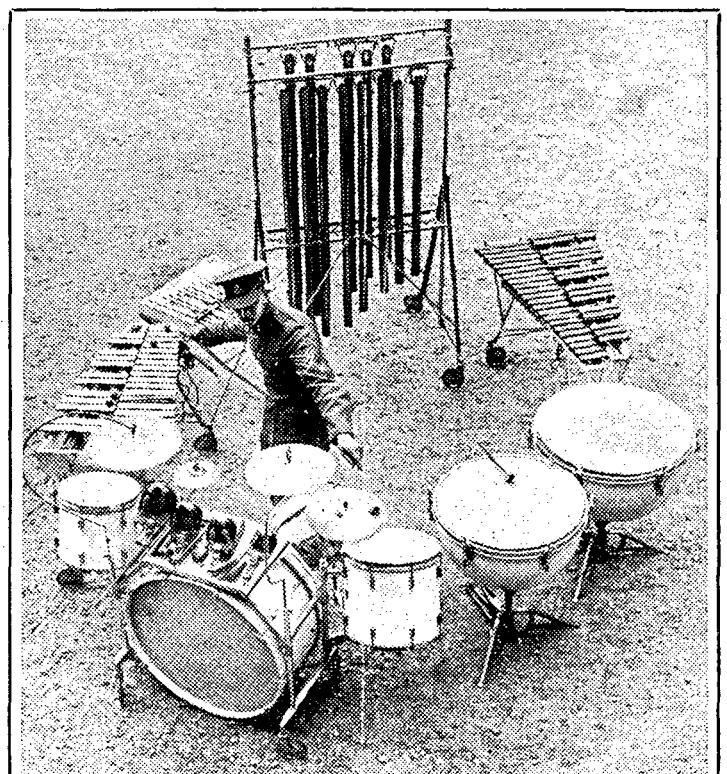
## The Apple and the Rose

BEAUTIES OF BATH are in the shops, to be followed shortly by Worcester Pearmain, and the English apple season will be with us for another eight months at least, instead of the three months it once lasted.

This has come about by more careful growing, more careful handling, but above all by the ever-improving science of refrigerating fruit. Even the air that stored apples breathe is attended to; and this has lately brought about a curious use that can be made of the atmosphere the apples

themselves create as they breathe, as they certainly do.

From some of the countries sending their apples to us rose trees are also sent, and it is more convenient to despatch them without their leaves. It has been found that if the rose trees are put in the same refrigerator as the apples the leaves wither and drop off, leaving the shoots unharmed. Some people who do not like the smell of these foreign apples will not be surprised, but the result is a curious fact. A bushel of apples will strip several hundred trees in four days.



## The One-Man Band

Many Army units are to have their bands again. This soldier at the Royal Military School of Music at Aldershot plays all the percussion instruments shown in the picture



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### Who Are the Barbarians?

It must have given Signor Mussolini great delight to make the little addition he has lately made to the monument on the Capitol in Rome.

There stands the noble statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, and there now Mussolini has fixed a plaque that he has made more conspicuous by moving it from a garden. The plaque records that

*Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus vanquished eleven British kings, and the barbarians across the sea were brought within the Roman domain.*

It is, of course, the fact that the British are barbarians that Mussolini is delighted to put on record on the Capitol, but he has chosen an unfortunate moment for this event, for there were two items in the news today which speak eloquently in this matter.

One is that a British sailor going down with his ship threw a raft to an Italian and saved his life.

The other is that Italian airmen bombed British sailors as they were saving the lives of hundreds of Italians.

Who, we may ask, are the barbarians now?

### C N WAR TAX

It is natural that we should be asked a question about our postage rates in wartime, for the C N can be posted to Mozambique or California for a halfpenny, but costs a penny to Manchester or anywhere at home.

It is odd, of course, as we look at it, but the explanation is simple. Every time we post the C N to anybody at home we pay a halfpenny war tax, but we cannot tax the outside world.

### The Brave Man Who Did Not Shoot

WE gave the story here last week of a man who could not shoot because the birds were such a lovely sight to see, and we are reminded that our immortal Captain Scott was that kind of man. We read that he once allowed a roe-deer to pass near his gun unharmed "because it was such a pretty thing."

### £110 A SECOND

WE suppose this is the only country in which a budget has been criticised, not for taxing us too much, but for asking for too little!

It is widely felt that, as the war is costing so much, we ought to pay as we go to the limit of our ability. However that may be, the facts are that in the present financial year the nation is estimated to spend 3476 million pounds on war and ordinary services, and that the Chancellor is raising 1360 millions by taxes, leaving a gap of 2107 millions.

With a national income of 5000 millions it ought to be possible to raise at least one-third by taxation.

We should like to see something done to awaken us all to the fact that we are spending over £110 a second.

### A Child's Prayer

CHILDREN'S prayers are perhaps a little difficult in wartime, but who does not like this one?

*Dear Jesus, please send the Germans back to Germany and keep them there.*

### A Tale For the Times

A TALE of Theodore Roosevelt which has been revived in an American magazine seems to fit very well the present stage of world affairs.

German troops had been threatening to land in Venezuela to enforce the settlement of a local dispute in German favour. Theodore Roosevelt sent for the German Ambassador in Washington and remarked, "By the way, I hope the Kaiser will see his way to arrange a settlement, because if it is not settled in two weeks I am sending Admiral Dewey down there to prepare for action."

"But," remonstrated the Ambassador, "this means—I don't like to use the word—"

"I don't mind saying it," said Roosevelt; "it means war."

The dispute was settled in a week.

### A Word on Mr Nazi

THE worthless will rule by cunning, and the noble man will be caught in their snares.

Goethe the German

## HE SHALL DELIVER THEE

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Because thou hast made the Lord thy habitation there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling; for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him. Psalm 91

### One More Hero

NEVER shall we forget the courage of the R.A.F., the saviours of civilisation from the Beast.

But we wonder if it is not matched by the courage of one of God's creatures with no scientific powers to support it and none of the applause of the world to cheer it, such as greets our noble flying men.

On a Kent hilltop the other day a man was cutting a bank in a wood where the grass has run wild in these war days, and one more swish of the sickle would have brought into the world another bitter tragedy, for there in the grass the man was held spellbound, his arm in mid-air, by the sight of a mother pheasant on her nest.

So, we must imagine, Abraham's arm was mysteriously stayed as he was about to slay his son Isaac; who can fathom the depths of all these things?

The pheasant sat still while the man with the sickle stood still, and as he quietly withdrew and left the brave mother in peace he remembered reading of a pheasant that refused to leave its nest with a blazing furnace all about it, but perished in the fire, which could destroy its frail body but could not kill its mother-love.

### JUST AN IDEA

When chance plays into your hand always be prepared to take advantage of it: it does not happen too often.

## Here Are Acres With the Riches

LIKE very gold are our gardens and fields today. Upon them depend the life and liberty of this Island. These few feet of soil that a thousand million feet have trampled down (but which the Nazi host shall never trample down) are the benefactors of our race, more bountiful than all our banks.

Perhaps we do not often think what an acre of land really means; perhaps we cannot picture what an acre is. Go into St Paul's Cathedral. Stand with your back close to the

Another important substance is air. The reason for the drainage of the land is to increase the volume of soil through which the air can freely circulate. It helps in the chemical changes which are constantly going on to provide food for roots. As all plant-roots obtain their food from the film of moisture clinging to each particle of soil, it is clear that the total surface of these particles is a matter of great importance.

*It has been calculated that the surface of the particles in a cubic*



Girls of Sheffield High School helping to weed a cc

great western door and look up the broad nave. Counting in the small aisles at the side, the whole central space about you is an acre. The whole outside walls enclose two acres. Trafalgar Square is four acres. Priceless acres are these, rich with the memories and heroisms of our Homeland; but if we only knew it every acre of our English earth is priceless. Think of it and see.

There are in Great Britain about 56 million acres, of which in normal times little more than 29 millions are cultivated. This includes about 12 million acres of crops and 17 million acres of pasture land. On these acres we depend, but only at the present time are we beginning to understand them.

### The Wonder of the Soil

For the soil needs understanding. It is the earth's most ancient mystery.

The plants draw their food directly from the soil, animals feed on the plants, and we feed on the animals. The value of an acre of land, therefore, depends on the character of the soil, and the making of this soil is a wonder that would need a complete knowledge of geology to understand. Earthquakes, volcanoes, sun, wind, and rain have all played their part in breaking up hard rock and enriching it until it becomes a fruitful garden.

The majority of soils can be roughly divided into four classes, sand, clay, marl, and loam, of which sand is the least valuable and loam the richest. The soil the farmer desires is a good fine loam. There is one substance every soil must contain if it is to be at all productive, and that is decayed vegetable matter. This, known as humus, gives the soil its dark colour,

foot of ordinary light loam is about an acre.

If crops are to flourish there must be thorough ventilation of the soil, and a suitable degree of moisture must be maintained. To prepare the ground men plough up or turn the soil to expose the under-surface to sun, rain, and air; and this is the oldest of all agricultural operations.

### The Lowly Worm

But we must not think that man himself does the whole work of preparing the land for crops; by far the most important part of it is done by worms. Darwin wrote that the whole of the superficial mould, over any ordinary area has passed, and passes every few years, through the bodies of worms.

Worms bring the castings of finely powdered soil to the surface, and in time the whole of the ground, no matter how stony, is covered with a layer of rich soil brought up from beneath. The worm's work has a great advantage over that of the ploughman in being carried on while the crops are growing in the field.

Ants and beetles also do a great deal of tillage work. We rarely see the body of a bird or a mouse or a mole lying about in the country. Such refuse is cleared away and buried by the burying beetles, and thus made available to enrich the soil. One beetle has been known to bury a mole forty times its own weight, and four have buried a crow. Even dead rabbits have been buried by the beetle gravediggers. Ants, too, are indefatigable workers, and one kind of ant, in ploughing the land, will carry 25 times its own weight.

All plants that grow, whether useful or harmful, feed on the soil, and if crops are to continue to draw from the soil the plant-food they need the soil itself must be fed.

## Under the Editor's Table

BECAUSE of the sugar restrictions fruiterers have fruit left which they cannot sell. It is too bad.

REDUCED meals are called for in restaurants. Why not ring the bell?

CATS manage quite well without tails in the Isle of Man. Have other ends in view.

SOME speakers do not know how to draw to a close. Nor how to illustrate their meaning.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If knitters are always wool-gathering

CHILDREN are being taught archery. They soon shoot up.

EGG profiteers have been warned. No poaching.

MOST of our telephone wires are now underground. But we still ring up.

AN air-raid shelter has its own orchestra. Not to bring the house down?

A REFUGEE's novel has won a prize. She has brought her enemies to book.

# es Rich Indeed st, Noblest Seed

The need for this will be seen when it is stated that a wheat crop removes 30 to 40 pounds of nitrogen from an acre, over 14 pounds of phosphoric acid, and more than nine pounds of potash. The most economical method of working land that has yet been devised is known as the rotation of crops. One kind of plant takes one set of materials from the soil, another plant takes another sort, and so on, and the rotation of crops means that, instead of growing the same plant year after



ornfield in Derbyshire

year in the same land, we change the crops and grow different things. In this way we do not exhaust the soil of one set of materials, but the crops following one another find their own particular foodstuffs.

There are two principal foodstuffs necessary for the life of plants, carbon and nitrogen, both present in the atmosphere. The carbon, under the influence of sunlight, is seized by the plants in the form of carbon dioxide gas, and changed by the leaves to a form in which they can use it. Nitrogen, however, though abundant in the air, is in such a form that the plants are unable to assimilate it, and the story of how the soil is able to get its nitrogen is a romance.

It was found by experience, as long ago as in the days of the Romans, that when a crop of wheat followed a crop of beans on the same land there was a much larger yield than when the wheat followed another sort of crop. The result of growing beans was evidently that the soil became enriched for the succeeding crop, as though the ground had been manured. For a long time the matter was a mystery, but men of science set to work to investigate, and after a good deal

of experimenting they made the great discovery that all the members of the pea family, the leguminous plants as they are called (beans, peas, clover, vetches, and so on), appeared to have the power of capturing the free nitrogen gas in the air surrounding their roots and converting it into compounds of nitrogen which plants can feed on.

But even when the discovery was made it was not known at first how this could be brought about. Now, however, the mystery has been explained, and we know that it is not the bean plants themselves that do the work, but tiny creatures scarcely visible through the microscope, the bacteria which abound in the soil.

## Enriching the Earth

As the worms work for man in preparing the soil, so these infinitely small and humble creatures work for man in feeding his crops. Most of us know that plants of the pea family have on their roots little nodules, and it is these nodules that are crammed with living bacteria which have the power of fixing the free nitrogen of the air.

Most green plants must take their nitrogen from the soil in the form of nitrates; but it is a remarkable fact that the plants of the pea family live in a kind of partnership with the bacteria, and are able, by the help of these tiny creatures, not only to feed on the nitrogen of the air themselves, but to leave a store of it in the soil. There is therefore little need for the farmer whose land will grow clover to buy expensive nitrogenous manures. All he has to do is to grow a crop of clover or beans to enrich his soil, and to plough in the crop when it reaches a certain stage of growth.

## Millions and Millions

There are countless millions of bacteria in good soil; a scientist has estimated that there are one hundred and eighty thousand million millions in an acre. They are not all of the same kind; some seize the free nitrogen and change it into nitrates; others take the nitrates and form them into nitrates, ready for the plants to feed upon. They have many enemies that destroy them, and an endless warfare is going on all the time. They are also dependent on the weather for health and vigour.

It is impossible to say what an acre will produce in money value, because prices are always changing, but if treated on the same principle as machinery in a factory an acre could produce £1000 worth of food. A man may live on the produce of one well-used acre, and, seeing that if our land were divided up among us all there would be a little more than an acre for everyone, we can almost picture to ourselves the ideal of the day when every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree, which was the old way of saying what the people of the last generation said when they dreamed of every man having three acres and a cow.

## Ragged Messengers of the Skies

ONE by one the moving bodies of the Solar System, from dust to minor planets, are being gathered into the fold. Not so long ago it was declared that some of the comets came from outside it, and after flashing for glorious hours before our eyes departed from our skies for ever. Now it has been shown that the path of the most noteworthy of these vanishing visitors was wrongly calculated, and that it did not disappear into space but must come back,

Almost at the same time Dr Fletcher Watson, of Harvard Observatory, has declared that all the shooting stars belong to the Solar System; they are all home-made. A similar situation has arisen about our latest discovered visitors, the cosmic rays. After the doubts and assertions of a quarter of a century it is now admitted that they do not come from some unknown source outside the Milky Way, but are born and die within it.

## Edmund Burke to the English People

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience.

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. Freedom they can have from none but you.

Edmund Burke

## THESE THREE

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power. Tennyson

## A Prayer That We May Not Fear

GRANT unto us, Almighty God, that we may feel our hearts burn within us, until all pure and just and noble things may be to us lovely, and we may find nothing to fear but that which is hateful in Thine eyes, and nothing worth seeking but that which is lovely and fair therein.

Let the divine brightness and peace possess our souls, so that, fearing neither life nor death, we may look to Thy lovingkindness and tender mercy to lift us above that which is low and mean within us, and at last to give the spirit within us the victory.

## A HEALTHY MIND

GIVE me a healthy mind, good Lord, That finds the good that dodges sight; And seeing sin, is not appalled, But seeks a way to put it right.

## It Would Be a Good Thing

IT would be a good thing if diplomats were to go for long walking tours through neighbouring countries; then they would never think of war again.

Johann Fabricius

## THE TORCHBEARERS

LET my breast be bared To every shaft, then, so that Love be still My one celestial guide the while I sing Of those who caught the pure Promethean fire One from another, each crying as he went down To one that waited, crowned with youth and joy: Take thou the splendour, carry it out of sight Into the great new age I must not know, Into the great new realm I must not tread. Alfred Noyes

## The Silence of a Wise Man

THE silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.

Wycherley

## The Worldly Hope Men Set Their Hearts Upon

THE Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like snow upon the desert's dusty face Lighting a little hour or two, is gone. Omar Khayyám



# CARRY ON

## King Arthur's Knights

I WAS first of all the kings who drew The knighthood-errant of this realm and all The realms together under me, their Head, In that fair Order of my Table Round, A glorious company, the flower of men, To serve as model for the mighty world, And be the fair beginning of a time. I made them lay their hands in mine and swear To reverence the King as if he were Their conscience, and their conscience as their King, To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it, To honour his own word as if his God's, To lead sweet lives in purest chastity, To love one maiden only, cleave to her, And worship her by years of noble deeds, Until they won her; for indeed I knew Of no more subtle master under heaven Than is the maiden passion for a maid, Not only to keep down the base in man, But teach high thought, and amiable words, And courtliness, and the desire of fame, And love of truth, and all that makes a man. Tennyson

## WE CANNOT ESCAPE FROM OUR ACTIONS

WHEN inexperienced youth chooses the path which seems the easy road to the goal of its ambition, recking little that the way leads through Bypath Meadows, it always fortifies itself with the assurance that good fortune will enable it to escape from the fruits of wrongdoing. Disaster may come to others less successful, but there are sure ways of escape to those who are shrewd enough to find them.

It is worth recalling the fact, therefore, that we are living in a moral universe, and that because life's laws are just they are also inescapable. We are not alone

judged at some far distant Assize, but action and reaction are automatic; every seed has within its germ the appropriate fruit. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for as a man soweth, that shall he also reap." To expect any other result is to seek for water to run uphill, or to strive to gather figs from thistles.

These are of course platitudes: history through the ages confirms the truth of the fact that life works in this way, always works in this way, in human experience. No man has ever lived who has finally escaped the fruits of his own actions.

Angus Watson

## The Simple Joys Are Dearer Far

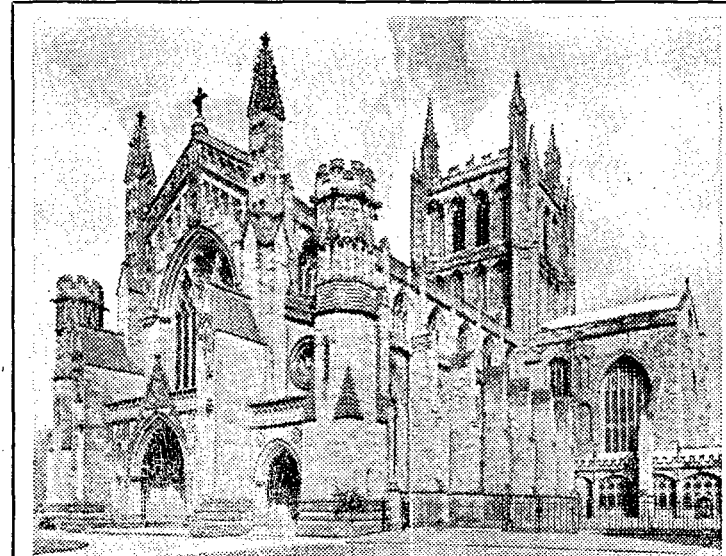
THE midges dance aboon the burn; The dewes begin to fa'; The pairtricks down the rushy holm Set up their e'ning ca'. Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang Rings through the briery shaw, While, flitting gay, the swallows play Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky The mavis mends her lay; The redbreast pours his sweetest strains

To charm the lingering day; While weary yeldrins seem to wait Their little nestlings torn, The merry wren, frae den to den, Goes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fault their silken leaves, The foxglove shuts its bell; The honeysuckle and the birk Spread fragrance through the dell. Let others crowd the giddy court Of mirth and revelry, The simple joys that Nature yields Are dearer far to me.

Robert Tannahill



Hereford Cathedral, one of the grand medieval buildings of the West Country. Begun in 1079, it shows the work of builders of many centuries.

## IN THE COUNTRY NOW

### A Winged Raider of the Pine Woods

A FORMIDABLE-LOOKING creature that causes great alarm to nervous people is often found flying about in the neighbourhood of timber-yards and pine and larch woods at this season. It is known as the giant-tailed wasp, and it looks as if it could give a nasty sting.

But though it is a destructive creature, it can do little in the way of personal injury, and its fierce appearance is mostly make-believe.

It is not a wasp at all, but a saw-fly, and its proper name is sirix. That formidable-looking weapon at the end of the insect is not a sting, but an ovipositor, or instrument for laying its eggs inside the bark of recently-felled or sickly trees. When the grubs hatch out they feed upon the wood, and often a structure like a pergola, built of larch poles, will collapse within a year or two because the timber has been riddled by the borings of this pest.

The ovipositor of the sirix has a powerful boring instrument, which enables it to penetrate the solid wood for the purpose of making a receptacle for its eggs. The female is much larger than the male, and both hum loudly when on the wing.

A smaller species is steel-blue in colour, and does nearly as much harm. This has been known to emerge from the timber of cartridge boxes, and penetrate even the metal of the bullets in the cartridges. You may see this also flying about in the neighbourhood of imported timber, though it is less common than the other injurious creature.

#### The Puss-Moth

Now is the time to find and study caterpillars of all sizes and shapes and shades. That of the puss-moth, which feeds on the leaves of poplars and willows, is a very interesting creature.

It is jet black at first, with two points on its head like cat's ears, and has a double tail which it raises and forks when irritated. Later it changes to dull red, and gradually to the purple, white, and green of the full-grown larva. The tail does not grow in proportion, but the creature now throws out two red whip-lashes if it is annoyed, and waves these to frighten its enemy.

## The Germans & Gabrielle Kampen

GABRIELLE KAMPEN, of La Panne, near Ostend, was a Belgian girl who suffered the same fate as Nurse Edith Cavell, whom the Germans shot in the last war. She paid the penalty for a similar act of mercy.

Her story has been told in the New York Herald Tribune by Mrs Esther Peterson, whose sister, living at La Panne, escaped from it and wrote from Paris to speak of poor Gabrielle's fate. Gabrielle was the grown-up daughter of the owner of a small family hotel at La Panne. When the Germans occupied Ostend and approached the little seaside town most of the inhabitants fled from the bombardment, which left most of its houses in ruins. Gabrielle remained.

## 70,000 Men Lost on the Farms

ONE of the gravest statements made about war matters is that of the Minister of Agriculture when he told the House of Commons that since the war began our agriculture has lost 70,000 men. This is in addition to the 300,000 men lost to the land since the Great War ended in 1918.

Not a moment should be lost in reclaiming the men while encouraging boys to enter the industry; it is still unfortunately true, as in

Another interesting caterpillar is that of the lobster moth, found on the oak and birch. This if you touch it rears up in a fighting attitude, with its clawlike front legs ready for striking, and its venomous-looking tail cocked in the air, as though it were going to sting.

The elephant hawk-moth caterpillar, which feeds on the willow herb, is another creature which defends itself by looking fierce. If alarmed it draws in its head, and contracts its body until all the eye spots have disappeared except two, and the caterpillar presents the



The sirix deposits its egg. In this picture the bark and wood are removed to show the hole.

appearance of a snake's head with two glaring eyes.

The greenfinches are stopping their songs; but the older red-breasts, which have been silent for a few weeks, have begun to sing again. An occasional corn-bunting may be building a belated nest or sitting on its eggs.

The devil's bit scabious, the common tansy, the woolly-headed thistle, and the artichoke are all in blossom; and the round scarlet berries of the white bryony are now ripe and form a very conspicuous object of the hedgerow. As the wild flowers get fewer in number it becomes more interesting to collect a nosegay, and more perseverance is needed to get variety.

When the Germans marched in their officers forced her to reopen the hotel and play the hostess at the celebrations of their victories.

But at nights Gabrielle and a few other patriotic women of La Panne stole into the fields and on to the beaches and bandaged and clothed English soldiers who had made their way to the coast, and played a dangerous part in forwarding their escape in the small boats that took them to England.

They were some of the unknown heroines of the evacuation from Dunkirk. But they did not remain unknown to the Germans. Gabrielle was found out, betrayed by a traitor, and the Germans shot her without a trial on the fourth of June.

Oliver Goldsmith's day, that  
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

## A New Idea About Schools

Many schools are not closed for the holidays but are carrying on so as to keep their pupils free from the cares arising from war conditions.

An old C N reader has written to us urging that this good idea should not stop with the war, and we pass on the suggestion to all who are planning for the days ahead, when Peace comes back again.

Our correspondent considers that it would be most welcome to both children and parents to keep schools open all the year round. Special arrangements could be made for teachers, while attendance at school need not be compulsory. Few children get more than a week by the sea or in the country, spending the remaining weeks hanging about the streets of busy towns, and many of them look forward eagerly to the day when school opens.

#### The Wet Weather Bogey

In those cases in which there is only one living-room in the home wet weather brings an additional trial to both children and the mother, and both must long for the regular life of schooltime.

It is suggested that special subjects could be taught in these holiday schools, such as home-management for girls and hobbies for boys, while community singing, organised games in the playgrounds of city schools, and nature study rambles in country districts would make the hours pass delightfully.

This is, we think, a scheme well worth planning for the future, and it may be that the experience of this summer will give some useful ideas to our educationists.

## The War Loaf

As it was 25 years ago, so now we are promised war bread. At that time there was a shortage of flour, which does not exist now, and the war loaves, rather stringy, were not popular.

The loaves promised now are the outcome of economy in material, but are designed to improve their nutritive value by addition to the flour of the mysterious Vitamin B and a certain amount of calcium. Vitamin B is otherwise known as aneurin, which is an active principle of yeast, and calcium is for bone-building.

But as there is to be only half a pound of the mixture to 280 pounds of flour, and only one ounce of aneurin to the sack, we need not be dismayed. There will be no difference in the taste, and we are further reassured by the fact that the war loaf has the blessing and approval of our old friend Sir William Bragg.

#### Soldiers and Miners

It looks as though our fighting men are to be better protected from bullets and splinters. We may well wonder that the armour question has had so little attention. In coal-mining armour is now becoming universal; it saves lives and limbs.

In the Great War the helmet was reluctantly adopted, but at last acknowledged to be of great value; now it is a matter of course.

We are glad that a trial is being made of a visor made of duralumin, an alloy of aluminium. This visor is added to the standard helmet and seems to be a fine protection for the eyes. An eye can so easily be lost through the impact of a fragment which would do no harm elsewhere.

It has been calculated that if we suffered 100 air-raid casualties every day for a year the chances are over 1000 to one against any one individual being hit.

## The Gallant Six of Stonyhurst

A REMARKABLE distinction has come to Stonyhurst College in Lancashire, the most famous Roman Catholic school in the land. One of its old boys has just added fresh lustre to its laurels by winning the first Army V C of the war, thus following the example of another Stonyhurst boy, Lieutenant Maurice Dease, who won one of the first VCs of the Great War. Apart from this rare distinction of being first in the field for valour in two wars, Stonyhurst can claim four other VCs, a proud record for so small a school. These are the stories of the six gallant old boys.

#### A Brave Leader

Captain Ervine-Andrews, first VC of this war, who has gained the coveted award for his undying bravery and leadership in the recent Battle of Flanders when he made himself responsible for over 1000 yards of defences in front of Dunkirk. In the face of immeasurably superior forces he and his men held their position for over ten hours, he himself accounting for 17 enemy soldiers with his rifle and others with a Bren gun from a precarious point on the thatched roof of a barn under constant attack from German bombs and bullets. With his ammunition exhausted he sent back his wounded in a carrier, and then led his eight surviving men through innumerable hazards back to cover, swimming or wading up to the neck for over a mile. Then, as the London Gazette has it, "he once again took up position." Leadership can rise to no greater heights.

Lieutenant Dease won one of the first VCs of the Great War early in the Battle of Mons. The British were in danger of losing an important line of defence, and it was essential to hold Nimy Bridge and prevent the Germans from crossing the canal. Four enemy battalions were flung at the bridge,

which was guarded by only a company of men and one machine-gun in charge of Lieutenant Dease. The lieutenant refused to leave his gun until all his men were shot down, and though five times wounded stuck to his post till they carried him away.

The other heroes of Stonyhurst were Edmund Costello, Paul Kenna, Aidan Liddell, and Gabriel Coury.

Lieutenant Costello won his cross in the Malakand in 1897. With two sepoy he went out into the open to rescue a wounded man. It meant almost certain death, yet he carried the man 60 yards to safety.

General Paul Kenna won the VC under Kitchener at Omdurman. He rescued Major Wyndham, whose horse had been killed in the charge, took him up behind his saddle, and managed to bring him to safety. Then he returned to help a sergeant fighting alone among the Dervishes, and with two others he kept back 300 men.

Captain Liddell was making a flying reconnaissance over Belgium in 1915 when his thigh was shattered by bullets. He lost consciousness and his machine dropped nearly 3000 feet, but he recovered and finished his work.

#### Cool Courage

Lieutenant Coury won his VC in 1916 by digging a communication trench while the ground all about was riddled with bullets and bombarded by shells. He coolly walked about in the open, cheering and encouraging his men until the work was done. When his colonel was wounded he left the trench and searched No Man's Land in full view of the foe, found him, and, in spite of his heavy weight, carried him back amid a storm of shells.

Small wonder that the boys of Stonyhurst raise their chins so high, and claim that battles are won also on the playing-fields of Stonyhurst.

## Islands of Charity

IN these days of adventures and escapes at sea, with German barbarism setting little boats drifting to their doom or whatever fate awaits them, it is interesting to remember that all over the oceans are islands stocked with stores.

Perhaps the idea sprang from the experiences of starving men in Polar Expeditions who were saved from death by discovering stores left in the snow and ice by earlier explorers. Be that as it may, there exists a little gazetteer, which mariners must know, of islands provisioned for the stricken.

Some of the islands are sign-posted and have rafts, and the

nature of the stores may be understood from an inventory of the things deposited in one of these stores—that on Kangaroo Island, off the south coast of Australia. Here lie a map, a case of distress signals, five pairs of boots, five pairs of blankets, 100 lbs of biscuits, 24 cans of meat, 6 lbs of sugar, 3 lbs of tea, a gross of matches, 6 lbs of salt, and 12 tins of condensed milk.

Instructions how to act and where to go were posted in four languages on most of the islands thus stocked, and to little boats sent adrift by German savagery such succour would be a blessing indeed.

## Wonderful Facts About You

#### 25. The Wonder of Standing Up

The erect position of the human body, which is maintained with ease and without thought, is the result of the combined action of a vast number of muscles. The centre of gravity of the body is so high that it is impossible to make a dead body or a skeleton support itself upright. But a multitude of muscles oppose and balance each other.

#### 26. The Body's Hot-Water System

All parts of the body are continually being oxidised or burned, some more fiercely and rapidly than others. Though never giving rise to a flame, the amount of heat is as efficient as a fire to raise the blood to a temperature of about 98 degrees Fahrenheit, and this hot fluid, continually circulating, warms the whole body exactly as a house is warmed by hot-water pipes.

#### 27. Thousands of Millions of Corpuscles

The saying that blood is thicker than water is perfectly true, the thickening being due to millions of tiny bodies called corpuscles, and solid matters dissolved in the plasma, or almost colourless fluid. It has been calculated that in a single cubic inch of blood there are no fewer than 70,000 million corpuscles.

#### 28. The Human Balloon

Blood is running all over the body, and three-fifths of the blood is made up of gases; that is, out of every 100 volumes of blood over 60 volumes are gases. If the blood be placed in a vessel connected with the vacuum of a mercurial pump, the reduction of pressure on the surface of the blood leads to a rapid exit of the gases into the vacuum, where they can be collected and measured.



# THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

## Second Instalment of Charles Reade's Immortal Story

GERARD stayed in Rome, worked hard, and got money for his illuminations. He put by money out of all he earned, and Margaret seemed nearer and nearer. Then came the day when the forged letter reached him. "Know that Margaret Brandt died in these arms on Thursday night last. The last word on her lips was Gerard!" The letter was signed with Margaret Van Eyck's signature, sure enough. Gerard staggered against the window-sill and groaned when he read this. He ran furiously about the streets for hours. Despair followed.

### The Cloister

ON the second day he was raving with fever, and on his recovery a dark cloud fell on Gerard's noble mind. His friend Fra Jerome, the same Dominican friar who had escaped from the wreck with him, exhorted him to turn and consecrate his gifts to the Church.

"Malediction on the Church!" cried Gerard. "But for the Church I should not lie broken here, and she lie cold in Holland." Fra Jerome left him at this.

Gerard's pure love for Margaret had been his polar star. It was quenched, and he drifted on the gloomy sea of no hope. He rushed fiercely into pleasure, and in those days, more than now, pleasure was vice.

His heart deteriorated along with his morals, and he no longer had patience for his art, as the habits of pleasure grew on him.

Then life itself became intolerable to Gerard, and one night, in resolute despair, he flung himself into the river. But he was not allowed to drown, and was carried, all unconscious, to the Dominican convent. Gerard awoke to find Father Jerome by his bedside.

"Good Father Jerome, how came I hither?" he inquired.

"By the hand of Heaven! You flung away God's gift. He bestowed it on you again."

Was not this the finger of Heaven — of that Heaven he had insulted and defied?

He tried to pray, but found he could only utter prayers and could not pray.

"I am doomed eternally!" he cried. Then rose the voices of the choir. Among them was one that seemed to hover above the others—a boy's voice, full, pure, angelic.

He closed his eyes and listened. The days of his own boyhood flowed back upon him.

"Aye," he sighed, "the Church is peace of mind. Till I left her bosom I ne'er knew sorrow, nor sin."

And the poor, torn creature wept; and soon was at the knees of a kind old friar, confessing his every sin with sighs and groans of penitence.

And lo! Gerard could pray now, and he prayed with all his heart.

He turned with aversion from the world, and begged passionately to remain in the convent. To him, convent-nurtured, it was like a bird returning wounded to its gentle nest. Upon a short probation he was admitted to priest's orders, and soon after took the monastic vows, and became a friar of St Dominic.

Dying to the world, the monk parted with the very name by which he had lived in it, and so broke the last link of association with earthly feelings. Here Gerard ended and Brother Clement began.

The zeal and accomplishments of Clement, especially his rare mastery of language, soon transpired, and he was destined to travel.

It was rather more than twelve months later when Clement and Jerome set out for England. They reached Rotterdam, and here Jerome, impatient because his companion lingered on the way, took ship alone, and advised Clement to stop while and preach to his own countrymen.

### The Wanderer Returns

FRIAR CLEMENT, preaching in Rotterdam, saw Margaret in the church and recognised her.

Within a day or two he learnt from the sexton, who had been in the burgomaster's service, the story of the trick that had been played upon him by his brothers, in league with Ghysbrecht.

That same night a Dominican friar burst into the room when Eli and Catherine were collected with their family round the table at supper.

Standing in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, he cursed them by name, soul, and body, in this world and the next. Then he tore a letter out of his bosom and flung it down before his father.

"Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son, read, and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world! The memory of my wrongs and hers dwell with you all for ever! I will meet you again at the Judgment Day; on earth ye will never see me more!"

And in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold, and white as statues, round the smoking board.

Eli drove Cornelis and Sybrandt out of doors when he understood their infamy, and heavy silence reigned in his house that night.

### Restitution

AND where was Clement?

Lying at full length upon the floor of the convent church, with his lips upon the lowest step of the altar, in an indescribable state of penitence and self-abasement; through all which struggled gleams of joy that Margaret was alive.

Then he suddenly remembered that he had committed another sin beside intemperate rage. He had neglected a dying man. He rose instantly, and set out to repair the omission.

The house he was called to was none other than the Stadthouse, and the dying man was his old enemy Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster. Clement trembled a little as he entered, and said in a low voice, "Pax vobiscum." Ghysbrecht did not recognise Gerard in the Dominican friar, and promised to make full restitution to Margaret Brandt for the withholding of her property from her.

As soon as he was quite sure Margaret had her own Friar Clement disappeared.

The hermit of Gouda had recently died, and Clement found his cell amid the rocks, and appropriated it. The news that he had been made vicar of Gouda never reached his ears to disturb him.

It was Margaret who discovered Clement's hiding-place and sought him out, and begged him to leave the dismal hole he inhabited and come to the vacant vicarage.

"My beloved," said he, with a strange mixture of tenderness and dogged resolution, "I bless thee for giving me one more sight of thy sweet face, and may God

forgive thee, and bless thee, for destroying in a minute the holy peace it hath taken six months of solitude to build. I am a priest, a monk, and though my heart break I must be firm. My poor Margaret, I seem cruel; yet I am kind; 'tis best we part; aye, this moment."

But Margaret went away, and, determined to drive Clement from his heritage, returned again with their child, which she left in the cell in its owner's absence. Now, Clement was fond of children, and thinking the infant had been deserted by some unfortunate mother, he at once set to work to comfort it.

"Now bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent! I would not change thee for 'en a cherub in heaven," said Clement. Soon the child was nestling in the hermit's arms.

Clement began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to croon over him a little lullaby well known in Tergou, with which his own mother had often set him off.

He sighed deeply, and could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"Gerard, you do not reject us. You cannot."

The hermit stared from the child to her in throbbing amazement.

"Us?" he gasped at last.

Margaret was surprised in her turn. "What!" she cried. "Doth not a father know his own child? Fie, Gerard, to pretend! 'Tis thine own flesh and blood thou holdest to thine heart."

Long they sat and talked that night, and the end of it was that Clement promised to leave his cave for the manse at Gouda. But once the new vicar was installed Margaret kept away from the parsonage. She left little Gerard there to complete the conquest her maternal heart ascribed to him, and contented herself with stolen meetings with her child.

### The Vicar of Gouda

THEN the new vicar of Gouda, his beard close shaved, and in a grey frock and large felt hat, came to bring her to the vicarage.

"My sweet Margaret!" he cried. "Why is this? Why hold you aloof from your own good deed? We have been waiting and waiting for you every day, and no Margaret."

And Margaret went to the manse, and found Catherine, Clement's mother, there; and next day being Sunday the two women heard the vicar of Gouda preach in his own church. It was crammed with persons who came curious, but remained. Never was Clement's gift as a preacher displayed more powerfully.

The two women in a corner sat entranced with streaming eyes.

The child, who lived to become the great Erasmus, was already winning a famous name at school, when Margaret was stricken with the plague and died. A fortnight later and Clement left his vicarage and entered the Dominican convent to end life as he began it. A few days later and he, too, was dead, and they counted him a saint.

THE END

### Gregory Mathews and the Birds

MR GREGORY MATHEWS, who has just presented his magnificent library on Australian birds to Australia, has fulfilled the third great wish of his life.

It seems natural that this distinguished ornithologist should be an Australian, although he left there 40 years ago. He spent his boyhood days in the bush in New South Wales, and as a young man was a drover in Queensland. So interested did he become in ornithology that he made three wishes: to acquire a complete collection of Australian birds, to write a standard work on Australian ornithology, and to present his native land with

a complete ornithological library. He set out to look for literature on Australian birds, and his quest took him several times round the world. The result of his travels and the 16 years he spent in England was a notable work on Birds of Australia, which contains more than 400,000 references. He also collected 40,000 specimens of Australian birds, which are now in New York.

The library which he has built up is now in Canberra, and consists of 4000 volumes and pamphlets, considered to be one of the most extensive collections in the world dealing with this subject.

## OUR WANTS AND OUR NEEDS

### The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. We find at home that it is quite easy to make the official food rations do. This makes me wonder! Do we in ordinary times expect too much?

Man. There is an old saying and a wise one, "Easy Come, Easy Go." That is how it has been with many of us. Our people have long enjoyed the highest standard of living in Europe, and they grew careless about using plentiful supplies.

Boy. But surely much poverty has remained! We have been told of underfed children.

Man. That is true; but the poverty has been a matter of uneven distribution of wealth—that is, of available supplies. The nation as a whole had more than enough to keep all our people well fed and comfortable.

Boy. Does that mean we were not "rationed" in peace?

Man. That is a rough way of expressing a great truth. The nation contained very rich, rich, comfortable, poor, and very poor people, and in all these classes there was great waste. The rich wasted much on luxuries; the poor made themselves poorer by using carelessly the little they received. In no other land in Europe did such prodigal waste occur. With much smaller money incomes than ours, Continental peoples maintained themselves in health and comfort.

Boy. So we are learning in war to make ends meet, while in peace it did not seem to matter.

Man. That is so. If we go back in our own history we find that people contrived to carry on with much smaller means. Mr Lloyd George told the House of Commons the other day how he had been brought up on oat-cakes and butter-milk, and, as we know, at 77 he is a very vigorous man. Or think of the sturdy Scots reared on oatmeal and the sturdy Irish fed mainly on the humble potato. The famous Dr Johnson made a neat retort to the friend who sneered at the Scots for living on oats, which Englishmen fed to their horses. "Ah," said he, "where will you find such horses, or such men?"

Boy. But even in war we are getting plenty of varied food, and we have found at home that the two ounces of tea are ample.

Man. Yes. The waste of good food has been enormous. It was terrible, even in peace, so often to see bits of bread left by the roadside and so much food thrown as scraps to the dustbin. The war has pulled us up and made us think. After the war we may for some time have to economise—to use properly what is produced with so much labour.

Boy. The word Economy has always puzzled me. How are we to save up if the war leaves us poorer?

Man. Economy means much more than saving up. But let us talk of that another time. What we have discussed today is only one part of the subject—the contrast between Wants and Needs. We need little to be healthy and happy, but we have grown to have Wants, or even cravings, for quite unnecessary and even harmful things. Indeed, our acquired artificial Wants have often triumphed over our real Needs, as when a man foolishly wastes on drink and tobacco what he needs in a better home.

### What 1/- can do

If every reader of our appeals were to send us 1/- each year, our income would be assured for the maintenance of work among the poor at our eight Mission Centres. Please give 1/- annually. — R.S.V.P. The Rev. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Jumbo Gets a Fright

HIS real name was James, but his roly-poly little body and his habit of falling over anything that got in his way had earned for him the name of Jumbo.

One wet day Jumbo was poking around in the attic when he noticed a big wooden box with brass bands and hinges. It had belonged to his sailor uncle, as he knew quite well, and he wondered if there were any sea treasures lying inside.

He pushed up the lid and, having propped it up against the wall, he peered inside.

The box was empty except for a few old books. Jumbo bent down to pick one up. But he couldn't reach, so he put his leg over the side and jumped in.

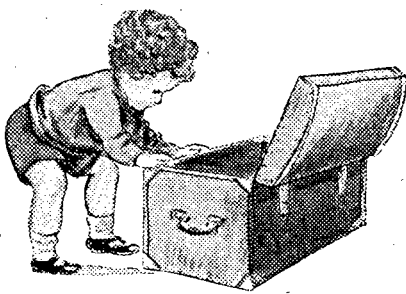
The box shook—and down came the lid with a bang!

Jumbo was a prisoner—like the bride in the Mistletoe Bough story, he thought with

a chuckle. But when he tried to push up the lid it wouldn't move.

Poor Jumbo's heart began to thump. "Help! Let me out!" he shouted.

And almost at once Mummy's voice cried, "Why,



where are you?"

"Here, in Uncle Bill's big chest," answered Jumbo.

Up went the lid, and there was Mummy's face smiling down on him. "How ever did you get in there?" she asked. "You did give me a fright."

But it was nothing to the fright that Jumbo had given himself!

# THE BRAN TUB

## No Shortage of Time

MR WHITE: Isn't it about time you paid that bill?  
MR BLACK: It is not a question of time, but of money.

## If All the Good People Were Clever

If all the good people were clever, And all clever people were good, The world would be nicer than ever. We thought that it possibly could. But, alas, it is seldom or never. The two hit it off as they should; The good are so hard on the clever, The clever so rude to the good!

## How Faraday Wrote His Name

MICHAEL FARADAY, the great genius who founded electro-dynamics, died at Hampton Court on August 25, 1867, at the age of 76. The son of a blacksmith, he became apprentice to a bookseller, but he soon felt he must give himself to science; and by a stroke of good fortune the great Sir Humphry Davy took him as his assistant. Davy remarked once that his greatest discovery was Faraday. This is how he wrote his name:

*Faraday*

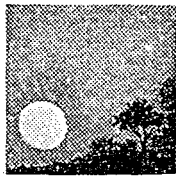
## A Legal Puzzle

Two Arabs sat down to a meal; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, to which they agreed. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces of money and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on one half. The case was carried before the cadi, who gave the following judgment:

"Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one." Was the verdict just? *Answer next week*

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the late evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are close together low in the east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at



10 o'clock on Sunday evening, August 18.

## On a Bad Singer

SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing, Should certain persons die before they sing. S. T. Coleridge

## A Simple Mechanism

A MAN who had often been late in arriving at his work was complimented one day on being more punctual.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I've got a parrot now."

"A parrot! What for?" exclaimed his surprised employer. "I advised you to get an alarm clock."

"I did, sir," was the answer; "but after a few mornings I got used to it, and it failed to wake me. So I got a parrot, and now when I go to bed I hang the alarm clock over his cage. It wakes the parrot, and the parrot wakes me."

## Do You Live at Brighton?

SO recently as 1834 Brighton was spelt Brihtelmstone, and that is almost the same spelling as that of Domesday Book, in which it appears as Brichelmestone. The meaning is the Stone of Brihtelm, but who Brihtelm was we do not know, although there was a Brihtelm Bishop of Chichester in 956. Possibly a stone marking the boundary of Brihtelm's property was a well-known landmark.

## AUGUST

THE eighth month is named after Augustus, the magnificent Roman Caesar under whom Jesus was born. As July was named after Julius Caesar, the Romans thought Augustus would be jealous if he did not have his month too; and, in case he should be jealous of July's extra day, they took a day from September and gave it to August. The eighth month was chosen for Augustus because in it occurred some of the most glorious events of his reign.

## Proverbs From China

Go to law to win a cat and lose a cow.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

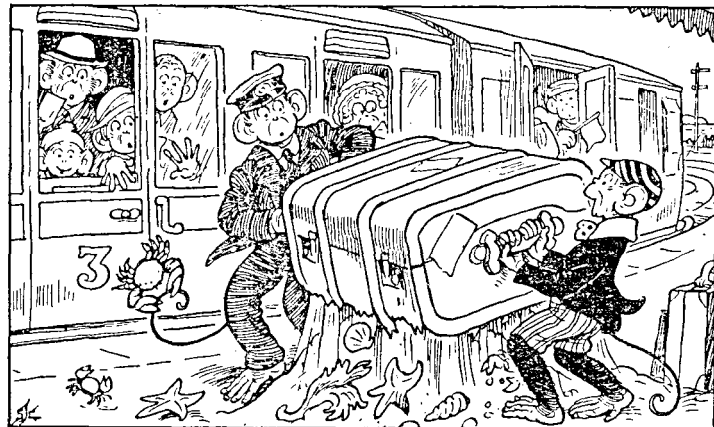
He who pursues stags regards not hares.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

Those who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

## Jacko Takes it Home With Him



THE Jacko Family were returning from a quite unexpected visit to the sea. It had been a very short visit, and Jacko was determined to bring home as much of the seashore as he could stuff into the big trunk. "This trunk's uncommonly heavy," growled the porter, as he heaved it up on his shoulder. "What on earth's in it?" Just then the bottom fell out—and he knew!

## A Million

WE are spending ten million pounds a day. Do you know what a million is? A million is a thousand thousands, and a thousand is a big number.

Nothing like a million days have gone by since Jesus was on earth. Not for another 820 years will a million days separate the people of that time from the time when our Lord walked in Palestine.

A million minutes is nearly two years.

A car travelling 100 miles an hour would take a year and more than 50 days to travel a million miles non-stop.

A million pennies are worth £4166 13s 4d.

## Logic

A VERY reflective old shark To a dolphin addressed this remark:

"If the catfish can purr, As some people aver, I presume that the dogfish can bark!"

## The Baby That Ruled the World

THEMISTOCLES, the great Athenian, used to declare that his infant son ruled the world, and when asked how that could be replied:

My infant son rules his mother.

His mother rules me.

I rule the Athenians.

The Athenians rule the Greeks.

The Greeks rule Europe.

And Europe rules the world.

## What is It?

A FEELING all persons detest, Although 'tis by many oft felt, By two letters fully expressed, By twice two invariably spelt.

*Answer next week*

## Some Curious Expressions

IN Scotland are used some expressions which sound strange to English ears:

"Step into the fire," meaning come in and sit by the fire.

"She never minded sermons," meaning remembered them.

"He stays in the High Street," meaning lives there.

"To cry upon a person," meaning to call him.

"To look over the window," meaning to look out of it.

"Have you a knife upon you?" meaning about you.

## A Mystery Sum

MY second is double my first.

My first is but half of my second; And I'm sure you'll admit that my whole

Is ten times the latter when reckoned. *Answer next week*

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading: Maple, magpie, magpie moth, mare's tail, mayfly, mallard, minnow, mistletoe, marsh tit.

## Queer Sentence

It was and I said,

not or.

## What Am I?

A key.

NARRATIVE	OM	ALE	AS
OSTUNT	P		
NOT	M	R	A
RET	I	R	E
GEM	N	S	K
E	S	W	M
A	B	H	U
E	O	R	
R	E	C	O
M	E	N	D

## Ici on Parle Français

### God is Our Refuge and Strength

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Psalm 46

### Dieu est Notre Refuge et Notre Force

Dieu est notre refuge et notre force, un secours toujours présent dans nos épreuves.

Aussi ne craindront nous pas, même si la terre se déplace, même si les montagnes sont transportées au milieu de la mer;

Même si les eaux mugissent et sont agitées au point d'ébranler les montagnes par leur soulèvement.

## WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

## Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.

**PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA**

\* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



PETER PUCK could not go to the seaside this year, so he has been spending a short holiday in the country. Here is a map of a walk he took. Trace with a pencil his route from Start to End without touching any obstacle.